

REPROOF.

Love does not always heal with balm:
The surgeon's knife some anguished wound
must cure.
For oft their poison holds the tenderest cure
That life with the touch of pity's palm.
Who keeps for love a sweet unbroken calm,
Like health of some sweet nothings clustered
prayer,
Nor brooks the storm that frets the tranquil
sea,
And sends a discord quivering through his soul,
Belittles love. That love is true, best
Which travels learns to face all bitter things,
And yet in answering wisdom's high behest
Forgets no word of its sweet utterance.
And even as answering wisdom's high behest
Recalls with its fond kiss to stronger life,
—John Arnold.

CAPITOL STUDIES.

SOME OF THE PECULIARITIES OF
AMERICAN STATESMEN.

The Capitol a Remarkable Place for the
Study of Physiognomy.—Mrs. Cleveland's
Democracy—Boston Corbett—Senator
Evarts—Kenna of West Virginia.

(Special Correspondence.)
WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—The Capitol is a
remarkable place for the study of physi-
ognomy. One of the queer things about it is
the singular disposition that greatness has to
duplicate itself in the features of different
men. Every little while the observer will
notice two men together who can hardly be
distinguished apart, and he will be disposed to
ask himself if congress is made up of twins.
Here, for instance, you meet Congressman
Rockwell, of Massachusetts, and Charles
Towle, the correspondent of The Boston
Traveler. Rockwell is often mistaken for
Towle and Towle for Rockwell. They do not
look alike, but have the same color of eyes,
the same contour of features and both
wear glasses. The resemblance does not
end here. If you shut your eyes and
hear them talk you cannot tell which is
speaking, their voices sound so much alike.
Looking down from the galleries you may see
two large, handsome men sitting side by
side in the first tier of seats on the Repub-
lican side. One is Gen. Negley, of Pittsburg,
the other is Gen. Harner, of Philadelphia.
They are of the same size, about the same



GEN. NEGLEY AND GEN. HARNER.

weight, the same color of eyes, the same deep
rosy complexion and wearing nearly the same
cut of whiskers. From the galleries also
look little Perry Belmont and McAdoo, of New
Jersey, look strikingly similar. Out near the
door of the house sits a large, judicial looking
gentleman, writing cards for visitors. Some-
times there comes to the stand another judi-
cial looking gentleman, Judge Wellborn, of
Texas, and the two shake hands and inquire
after the health of their double. They are so
much alike that Wellborn might run the card
stand and the card writer might pass himself
off as the chairman of the Finance committee.
In the senate the same resemblances are often
noted. Teller, of Colorado, except for his
beard, is the counterpart of John C. Calhoun.
Hoar is another Horace Greeley, except in
cheveux de frise. Wade Hampton looks
like the Emperor of the French, except that
George, looks like Lord Oglethorpe, Dolph,
like John Brown; Van Wyck is another
Louis XI. Gorman's placid face might serve
as a model for that of the Father of his Country.
Old Uncle Morrill, of Vermont, is a
pinched and wrinkled counterpart of Charles
Sumner. Salin, the handsome Minnesota
senator, looks like the late Gen. Logan. They
may Leland Stanford, of California, the centi-
millionaire, looks like Brigham Young.

The crazy antics of Boston Corbett awak-
ened a feeling of sorrow for the poor fellow
even in Washington, where he was pretty
well known twenty years ago. With all due
allowance for Corbett's eccentricities of char-
acter, it may be justly said of him that he
was a hero. He was one of the most perpen-
dicular characters connected with the great
tragedy of President Lincoln's assassination.
He felt no vain pride that he had slain John
Wilkes Booth, but, on the contrary, always
thought of the matter with genuine sorrow.
Corbett was a very religious man, exactly
truthful and as brave as a lion both in war
and peace. He was not a man of any great
talent, but he was a man of great courage.
It was a dangerous thing to tell an untruth in
his presence. Once when he was stationed on
Staten Island there arose among the troops a
mutiny. They had been supplied with sour
and moldy bread for several weeks, and
demanded to be paid for it. Corbett, in com-
mand learning that there was trouble among
the men formed them into line on the
parade ground, and the colonel made a speech
denying that bad bread had been served and
denying any of the men to step forward and
challenge his statement. To do so would be
like inviting imprisonment and perhaps
court martial, and no man stepped forward
until after an interval of two or three
minutes, when old Corbett stalked stiffly for-
ward several paces and saluted the officer.

"What have you to say, sir?" said the colonel.
"The bread was moldy and half rotten,"
said Corbett, in a grim, hard and unyielding
voice.

There were white faces and shifty knees
along the line of men who feared that Corbett
would out to divulge the secrets of their muti-
nious action. The colonel asked a great
many questions of Corbett, trying to trick
him into revealing what the men had done in
secret. The only answer that he got was that
from him was that the bread was moldy and
the men had a right to demand decent food.
Corbett was put in the guard house and the
men were ordered to their tents. A court of
inquiry was ordered, Corbett's statements
were proved true by an overwhelming mass
of testimony, and the colonel was publicly
reproved for not taking better care of his
men.

Capt. Ed. Dougherty, who commanded the
detail from the Sixteenth New York cavalry
which captured John Wilkes Booth, always
spoke in the highest terms of Corbett, al-
though he said that Corbett's piety was an
overstating matter. Dougherty thinks that
Corbett's timely shot in all probability saved
his life. Secretary Stanton was half per-
suaded by the secret service people here in
Washington to order a court martial in Cor-
bett's case for firing without command to do
so, but Dougherty interfered, and no trial
was had. Corbett received a handsome mil-
lions of dollars in the capture. Seventy
thousand dollars was divided among the
two detectives, Capt. Dougherty, Sergt. Cor-
bett and the twenty-four men in the detail.
Corbett's share was something like \$5,000.
This he invested in the hat business in Cam-
den, N. J., and finally lost it. In 1878 he
went out to Kansas and took up a homestead
near Council Bluffs, and in a letter
written not long ago to Dougherty he said
that he had often wished that God in mercy
had sent a stroke of lightning and killed him
while on his way to Kansas. He had lost his
wealth, his nervous system was shattered, he
was living on a small pension and was very
lonely with his neighbors. He had a small
pension of \$5 a month, and always
said that he ought to have been

promoted to a second lieutenant and retired
on half pay. He had a good deal of trouble
with his homestead, which only consisted of
eighty acres, and he had to wait something
like eighteen months after he had proved up
before he could get a patent. His greatest
anxiety in this matter was that, after he had
paid for the land and before he had received
his patent, he had allowed the assessor to put
a valuation on the land for taxes, and his
claim was cancelled he thought they might
hold him liable for perjury because he had
signed a sworn statement for the assessor
that the land was worth so much. Some-
thing like a year ago Corbett received a letter
from John Garrett asking for his evidence to
bolster up a claim for the value of the land
in which John Wilkes Booth took refuge, and
which was burned at the time.



MRS. CLEVELAND IN THE GALLERY.

Mrs. Cleveland is very fond of going about
town incognito. She is very apt to go alone,
and does a great deal of her shopping alone.
She is decidedly democratic in her tastes, and
goes where she pleases as freely as the aver-
age American girl is supposed to do. I have
seen her in a crowded dry goods store on the
avenue like any other American girl, trying
to select between two or three bits of lace or
one that would please her the best. One day
as I was passing a cheap picture store on
Seventh street I saw the president's seal
worn by an old man, the ebony coachman
on the lock, drive up, and in a moment
Mrs. Cleveland alighted alone, tripped into
the store and began to examine some very
cheap but none the less pretty engravings.
The mistress of the White House has the
average American girl's fondness for public
affairs, and she is a frequent visitor at the
Capitol, where she listens intently to what
is going on in the house or senate.
The other day she took her mother
up to the Capitol and showed her
about. There is a private gallery for the
president and his guests but Mrs.
Cleveland has her own private gallery.
Here she always gets the front seat
if she can. She was present when Sen-
ator Dimes and Senator Hawley had
their altercation the other day and also
when Senator Beck and Senator
Saulsbury had their quarrel. She sat
for three-quarters of an hour in the supreme
court room during the argument by Mr.
Dickerson of Boston, in the telephone case.
To see the first lady of the land peering away
looking gentleman, Judge Wellborn, of
Texas, and the two shake hands and inquire
after the health of their double. They are so
much alike that Wellborn might run the card
stand and the card writer might pass himself
off as the chairman of the Finance committee.
In the senate the same resemblances are often
noted. Teller, of Colorado, except for his
beard, is the counterpart of John C. Calhoun.
Hoar is another Horace Greeley, except in
cheveux de frise. Wade Hampton looks
like the Emperor of the French, except that
George, looks like Lord Oglethorpe, Dolph,
like John Brown; Van Wyck is another
Louis XI. Gorman's placid face might serve
as a model for that of the Father of his Country.
Old Uncle Morrill, of Vermont, is a
pinched and wrinkled counterpart of Charles
Sumner. Salin, the handsome Minnesota
senator, looks like the late Gen. Logan. They
may Leland Stanford, of California, the centi-
millionaire, looks like Brigham Young.



SENATOR EVARTS.

for three-quarters of an hour in the supreme
court room during the argument by Mr.
Dickerson of Boston, in the telephone case.
To see the first lady of the land peering away
looking gentleman, Judge Wellborn, of
Texas, and the two shake hands and inquire
after the health of their double. They are so
much alike that Wellborn might run the card
stand and the card writer might pass himself
off as the chairman of the Finance committee.
In the senate the same resemblances are often
noted. Teller, of Colorado, except for his
beard, is the counterpart of John C. Calhoun.
Hoar is another Horace Greeley, except in
cheveux de frise. Wade Hampton looks
like the Emperor of the French, except that
George, looks like Lord Oglethorpe, Dolph,
like John Brown; Van Wyck is another
Louis XI. Gorman's placid face might serve
as a model for that of the Father of his Country.
Old Uncle Morrill, of Vermont, is a
pinched and wrinkled counterpart of Charles
Sumner. Salin, the handsome Minnesota
senator, looks like the late Gen. Logan. They
may Leland Stanford, of California, the centi-
millionaire, looks like Brigham Young.

Familiar as people in Washington are with
the celebrities that gather here, the passing
of a noted man upon any crowded street at-
tracts a good deal of attention. Thousands
of people in Washington never saw such men
as Edmunds, Evans, Carlisle, Tom Reed or
others of the scores of well known public
characters. Many of them are seldom
seen on the streets. They ride to and
from the Capitol in their own car-
riages, and unless those that want to see
how the great men of the country look go
down over the balcony of the New York
senator, Evans dresses in the old style, with
a big rambling turned down collar and cravat.
His clothes hang loosely on his puny
form, and nothing would surprise his col-
leagues more than to have him appear in
garments that would attract attention.
A delightful opposite to Evans is Kenna, of
West Virginia. He is one of the brightest
young men in the senate and probably the
happiest. He does just as he pleases wherever
he is, which is a splendid privilege in official
life. He likes to walk home from the
Capitol every afternoon, and swings along
down the avenue with his big slouch hat
cocked on the back of his head, his overcoat
thrown carelessly over his shoulders and his
hands in his pockets. He never walks alone,
for he is too bright and energetic a fellow to
be without company, and he generally has
one or two senators on each side of him, who
always appear to be laughing uproariously at
Kenna's jokes.



SENATOR KENNA.

The Possibilities of Pulp.
A writer in a Canadian paper, speaking of
the possibilities of pulp as a substitute for
lumber in the manufacture of furniture and
other articles, not exclusively made of wood,
calls attention to the resources afforded by
woods. It is found that in some localities
the forests are now at the best age for pulp-
ing purposes, and capable of yielding from
40 to 120 cords per acre, if the whole of the
timber were utilized. By mixing the pulp
with clay, shale, asbestos, plumbago, mica,
etc., substances of every possible color and
compactness may be produced. — Boston
Transcript.

Accounted For.
Friend—That humorist of yours writes
as though he had lots of experience.
Editor—You think so?
"Yes. He must be a brave man, too. I
never saw such dandy manner in law jokes
as he cracks off. I wouldn't do it for a
farm."

Um! The young man isn't married,
you know?
"Ah-h-h!"—New York Mail and Ex-
press.

Wealth of the United States.
The aggregate wealth of the United
States is now estimated at about \$18,000,000,000,
but the taxable property of the
country is only a little more than one-
third of this amount.—Brooklyn Eagle.

FROM ACROSS THE SEA.

THEODORE STANTON WRITES OF
SOME FRENCH CUSTOMS.

He Compares Them With the Customs
of the United States and Not Always
to Our Advantage.—Hints for People
Who Wish to Enjoy Social Life.

(Special Correspondence.)
PARIS, Jan. 31.—I propose in this letter to
give you readers an idea of a few of the
social customs that differ in France from
those that prevail in the United States, and
here are some of the things I think you
will find that France is superior to us. We
Americans are often too apt to consider as
unworthy of study and imitation what we are
pleased to call "the effete nations of Europe."
But a long residence in this capital of the ocean
has convinced me that while the United
States possesses many virtues, it does not
possess all the good things of this world.
Thus several of the social customs of France
could be transplanted with benefit into the
United States.

In America, even in our large cities, it is
more the exception than the rule if a lady has
a regular at home. But here in France, and
especially in Paris, everybody—even gentle-
men in some instances—has his or her "day."
The day and the hours between which the
lady is ready to receive callers are generally
printed in the left hand lower corner of her
visiting card, and it is only on that day and
between those hours that she can be seen by
her friends. Sometimes it may be every
Tuesday or on every other Tuesday, or on
the first Saturday in each month, but every
lady in Paris, even of the most unpretentious
sort, has a fixed afternoon when she receives
her friends.

This custom has many advantages and very
few disadvantages. Here are some of the
advantages. First, it saves a French
housewife, with culinary tastes, is busy in
the kitchen, she is sure that Mrs. Brown or
Mrs. Jones will not appear in her parlor all
attired in fine robes, and thus force her to
leave the cake to spoil and to leave a precious
hour, or it may be a whole afternoon, that
was to have been devoted to replenishing the
dessert drawer. Fewer "white lies" have to
be told under this system, for nobody calls
on Mrs. Smith except on Tuesday, and then
Mrs. Smith is never "out." Again, Mrs.
Smith, who is a perfect hostess, and who
yet has rich acquaintances, which is often
the case in aristocratic Europe, that in
democratic America—be as richly dressed
as her visitors, who, she knows, will not come
in upon her before a certain hour on a cer-
tain day. So she never has to enter her par-
lor making excuses for her attire, that she
came in just as she was in order not to keep
you waiting, that you must excuse her stained
hands, because she was in the midst of making
currant jelly, etc.

And now here are some of the advantages
to the callers. In the first place they never
have to wait "only a minute," while Mrs.
Smith is jumping out of her kitchen dress
into her parlor robe, which often takes nearly
a half hour. Then again, you do not ring a
door bell in Paris and experience a disagree-
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-
terly on all the other days of the week, and
able feeling, that perhaps the lady who has
called is throwing a whole family into conster-
nation. No, it is Mrs. Smith's day, and the
door is immediately opened by a neatly at-
tired maid servant, who, perhaps, looks slat-<